

Summer 2014

Copperplate Etching, Traditional and Modern Techniques and Exploring Philosophical Concepts

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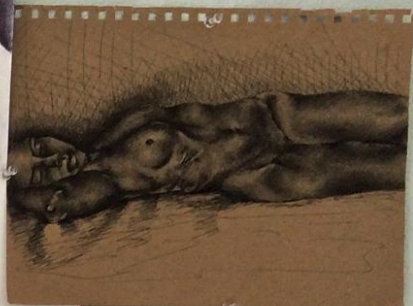
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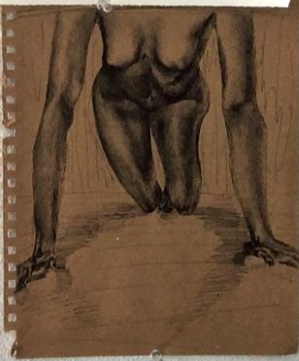
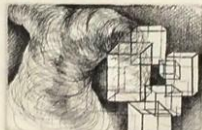
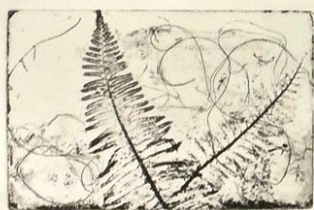
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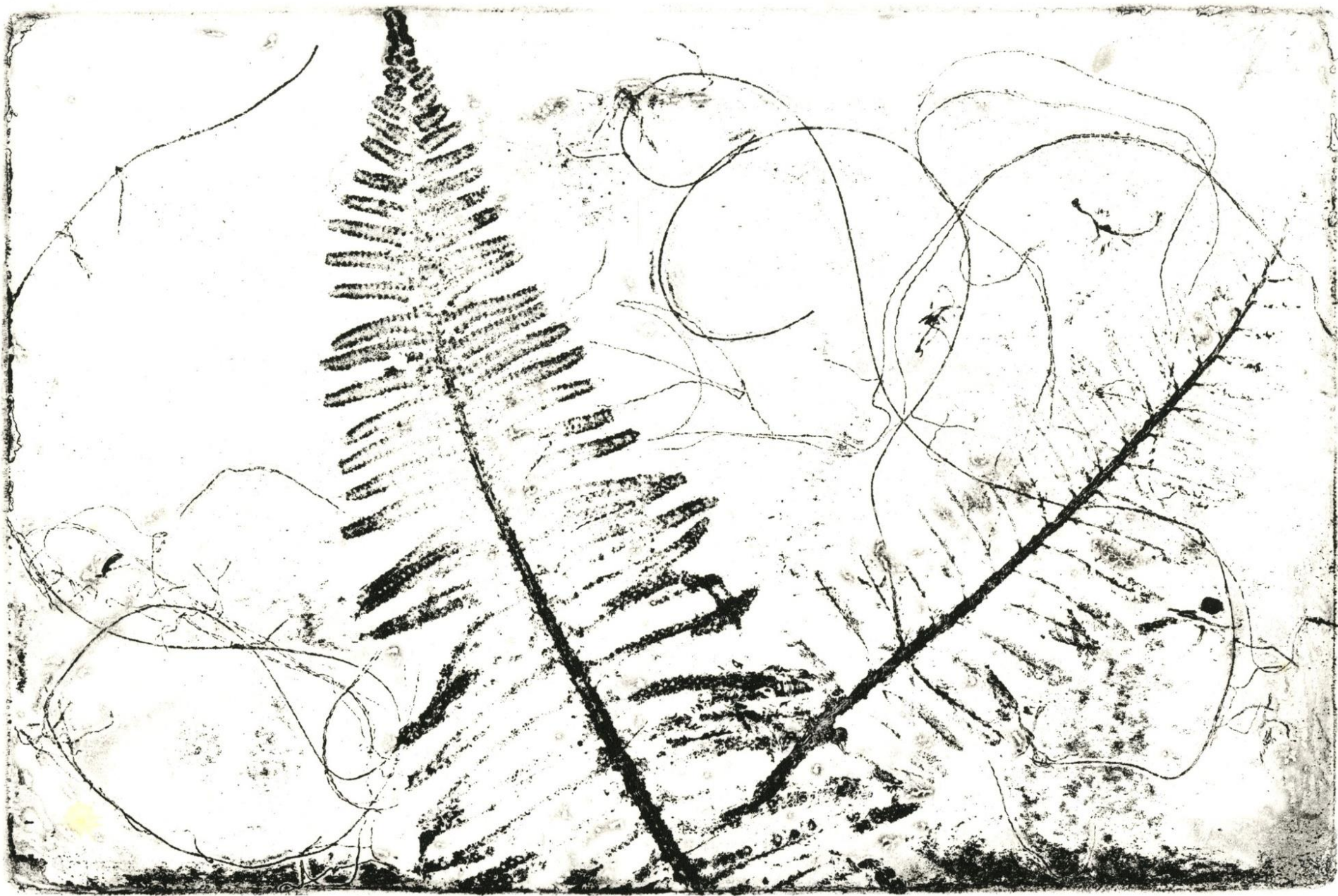
Copperplate Etching Traditional and Modern Techniques and Philosophical Concepts

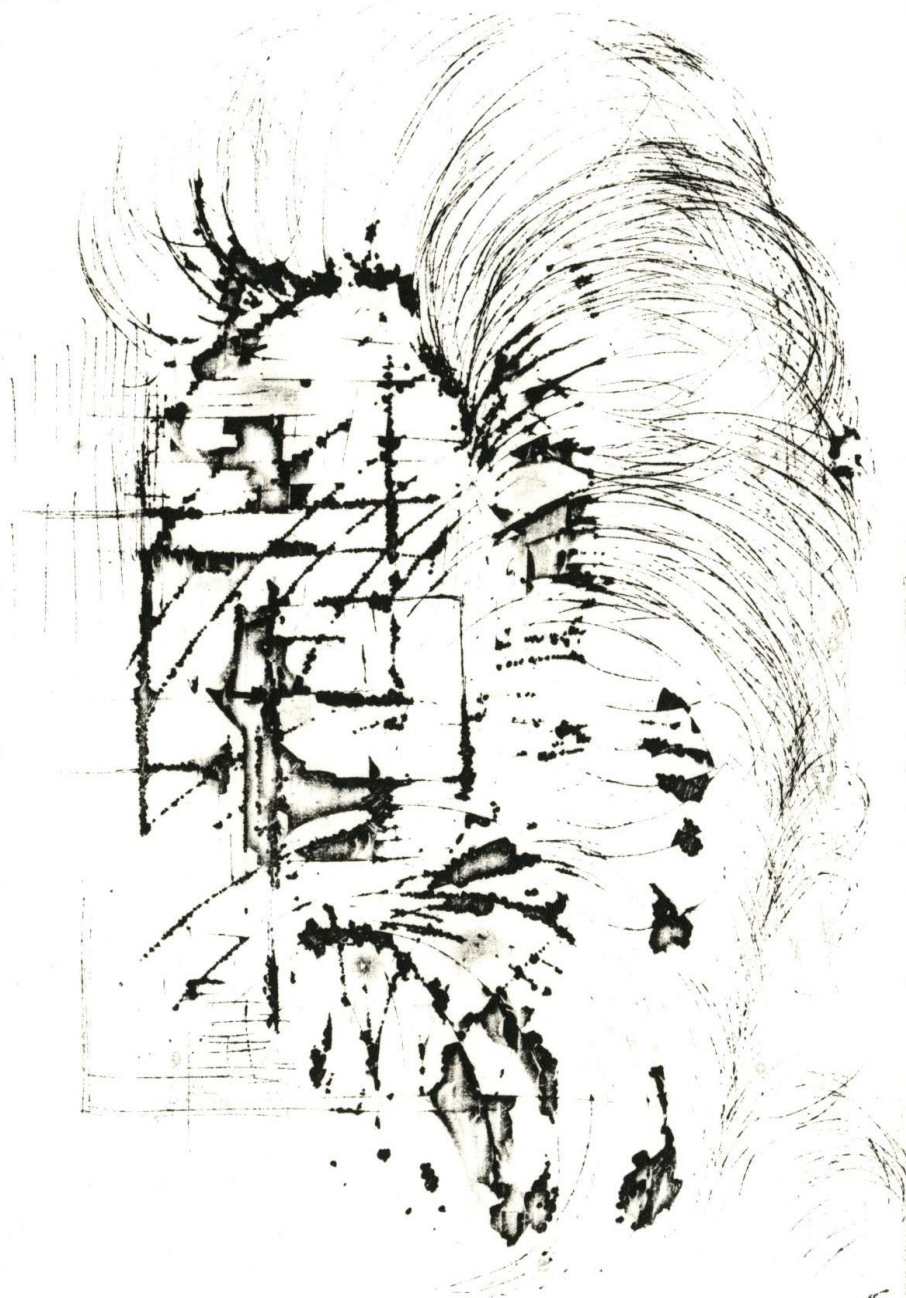
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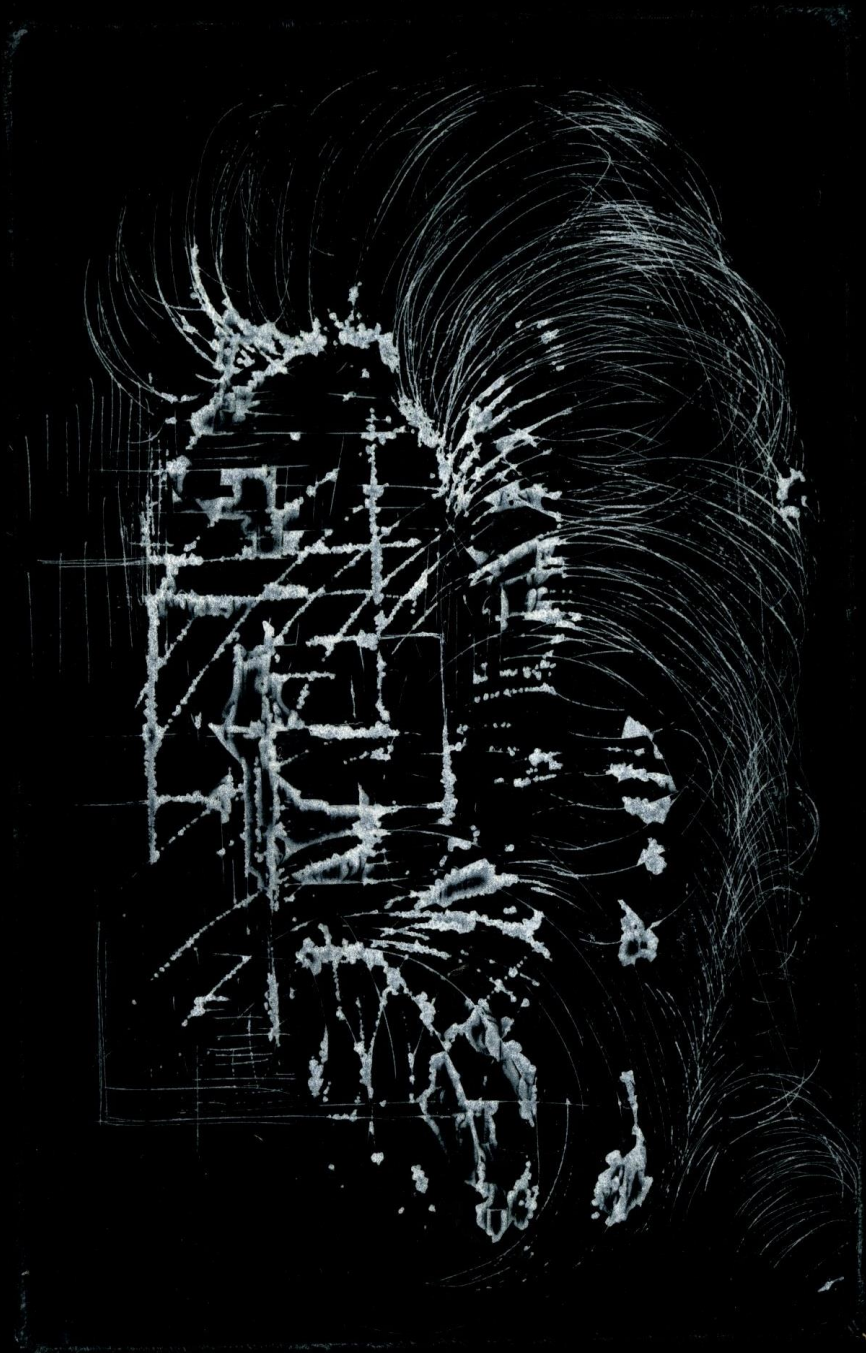


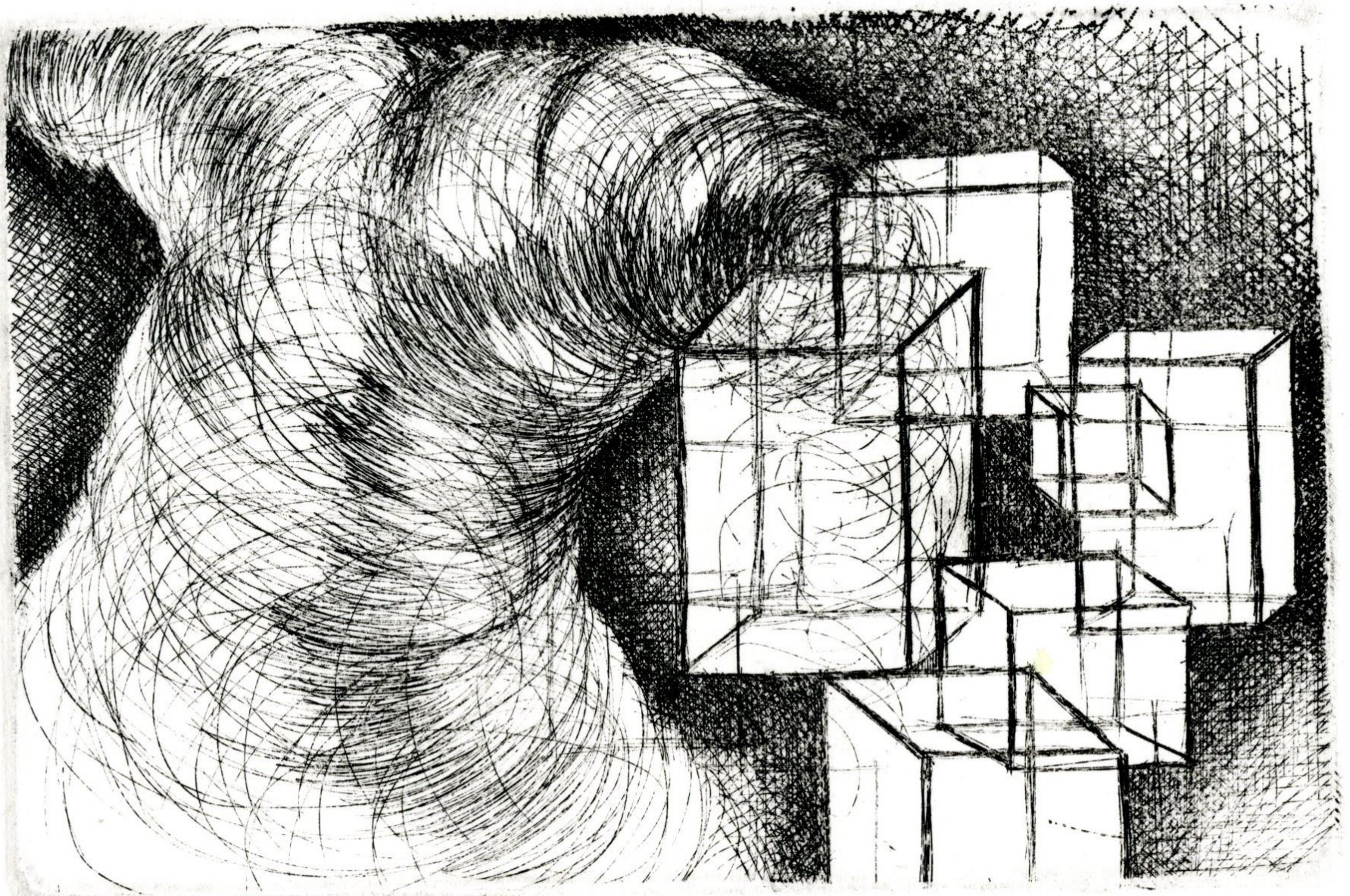
There were all
the same things
in the office
The universal
characteristics of things
were everywhere. The same
things were everywhere.
The universal character
of things was everywhere.
The universal character
of things was everywhere.
The universal character
of things was everywhere.
The universal character
of things was everywhere.

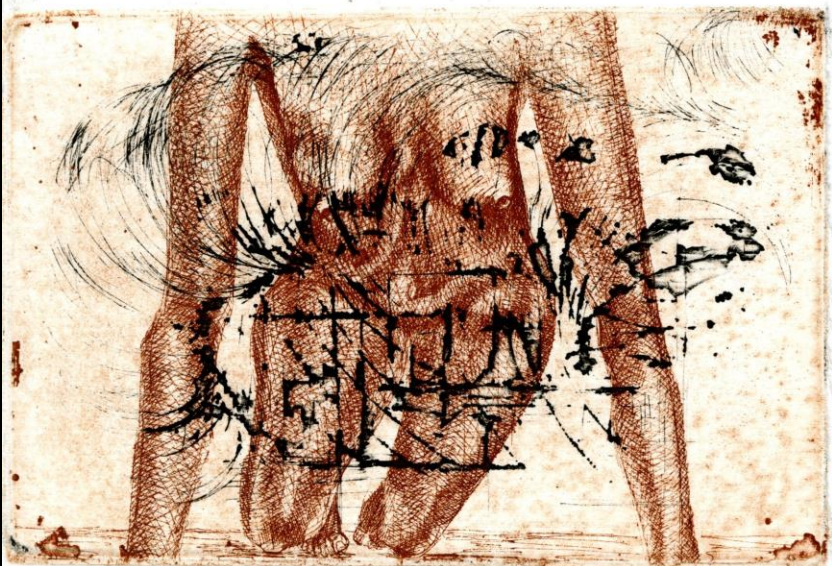




















She looked like she wanted it. She was asking for it. The way she moved, her style of dress. She's asking for attention. She seems like that type of girl, the kind that dresses and acts a certain way to attract men.



We are animalistic by nature. Hot with desire and driven by instinct. We fight the urge and purge ourselves of our desire, hoping it will ache less. Thick throbbing grips flesh and haunts humanitas lost for logic and reason. "Hush honey" he says, and she rolls over like a dog to play dead as he thrusts, purging himself of his pain and desire. Soaked in instinct and sweat.

The
meat
of
my being
Seems to
lie between
my legs.



The
meat
of
my being
Seems to
lie between
my legs.

All for him to take without asking. He takes the fleshy concept of herself and devours it. What remains is a fragment of who she was. She was and will be destroyed by the constant cat-calling, harassment, assault, and rape. She was conditioned, trained like a dog. Enslaved by his presumptuous hands, words, thoughts, and eyes. There must be more to femininity than fear of being sexually assaulted.



